the change of seasons
brings to us an awareness
the world moves along
at a pace
outside the boundaries
of mankind's attempt
to harness nature

the daily rise and setting of the sun
slips past
unnoticed
rarely even requiring
a fallen leaf
from the calendar

the dawn of a new month
oft missed
almanac speaking history
new stories writ
pages turned
days after the month has arrived

the calendar itself
archaic page
the mark of humans
nature marches onward
with reckless disregard
for the parameters we have set forth
the lunar cycle keeps its own pace
along with stars
planets
we add a day every four years
and thus believe
ourselves
to be masters

but the changing of the seasons
resets the soul
brings us back
to nature's womb

we can anticipate
but not control
for each arrives in its own good time
bringing the promise that we can move on

not a moment
or a date
but a feeling in the air
we recognize the new season
by mourning the last

and so in the dark hours
of an early morn
the new season crept
through my window
to awaken me
stirring my soul
with a tingling of excitement
lured thus
i passed through the glass
and into the beginning
moment of the future

a fine mist
the first fog of the season
shrouded
the towering giants around me
masked the mirror'd surface
of thawing lake beyond

baring my chest and my soul
i was taken in
accepted within the bosom
of nature

shivering life
i floated with the mist
momentarily for the chill
the sun would shine later
warm this new season
but for now i could only lend
a touch of surface-rippling magic
as the surroundings
took on a glow
surreal

sheltered again
among the trees
the artisans of the night
showed proudly their wares
visible en masse for the first time
in this new dawn
the magnetic attraction
the silken nets
collecting droplets from the mist
set aglow
between branches
leaves
twigs
in geometric patterns
each unique and beautiful
the spiders’ oeuvre
proudly hailed
whirl’d-wide webs

day this moment mine
time stolen
while others slumbered

i will later succumb
to the demands of the masses
strive to adapt
to the new viral race
but for now
a new season fills my lungs
refreshes my soul
nurtured by nature